

plie x i f o r m
number six

DEMOCRACY

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HECK
300

Jesse

300 W. 14th St.
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OTTAWA
10. 8. 2000



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NOTIFY SENDER OF NEW ADDRESS
HECKMAN, JESSE
845 MISSOURI ST
LAWRENCE KS 66044-3957

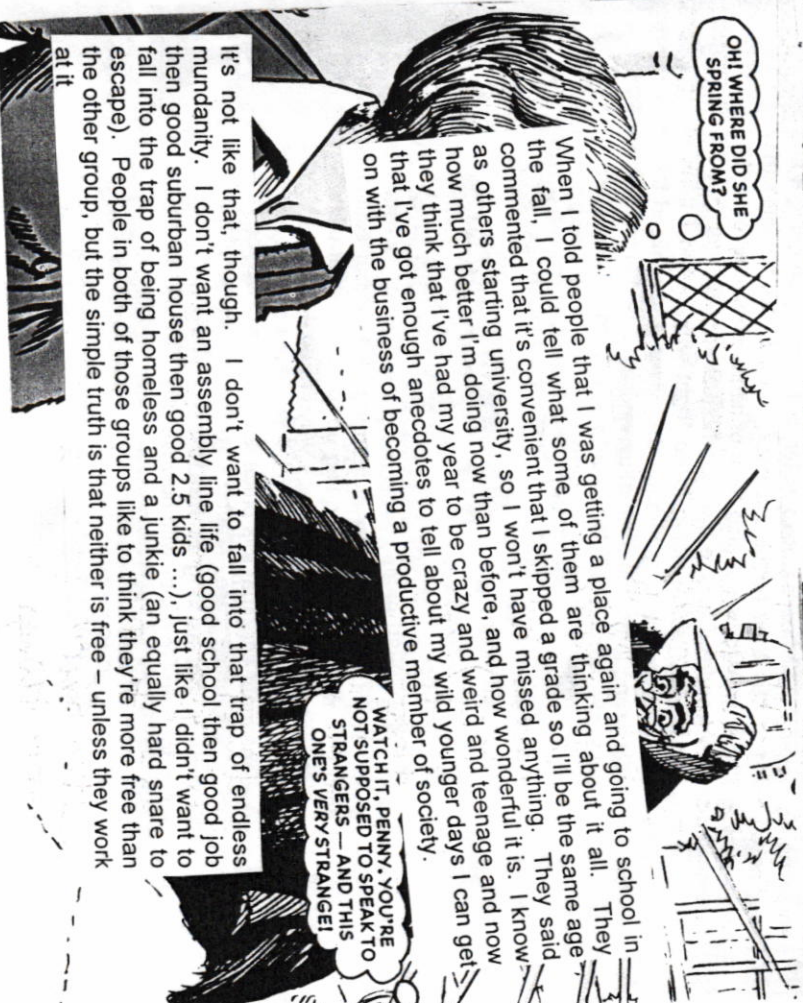


A recent Canadian Pain Poll showed that:

- 39%** of all Canadians admit they dislike needles;
 - 11%** are scared/absolutely terrified of needles;
 - 38%** say the worst part is the anticipation;
 - 25%** avoid needles whenever possible; and
 - 38%** of those with children say it can be traumatic to take their children for a needle.
- more thoughts on drugs.**

I'd been clean for six weeks and three days when the first time when I slipped up and got high again. It was far from the last time, but I never again duplicated that record time. Every few weeks or so I'd end up bingeing for awhile, and then trying to clean up yet again, and I went about six months this way. Until now, of course. I've been clean for months now, and it seems like I'll actually stay that way this time.

The first time I got high after I quit, I had this vague fear that when I got my first hit I'd be dragged right back down to where I used to be, so I'm not exactly sure why I did it. I think part of it was just nostalgia — I missed the whole atmosphere, the social part, and the sense of closeness (however false) that it creates. Another part of it was kind of testing myself, trying to see if my willpower was back, if I could master my cravings that time. It was very different than before, of course. When we were waiting around to pick up, I wasn't really jonesing. Instead of getting that familiar feeling of tension and expectation, I was just bored, and I didn't like to see my friends' faces as they waited, didn't like to see how much this all meant to them. When the drugs arrived I wasn't a part of that manic rush to cook up the hit, suck it up, and by all means get it into your veins as fast as is humanly possible. I just took my time, and that was fine



Personal Searches

The police can search you, your clothes or anything you are carrying if:

- they arrest you or have the grounds to do so,
 - you consent to the search,
 - they find you in a place where they are searching for drugs and suspect that you have them,
 - if they find you in a vehicle where there is illegal alcohol or;
 - they have reason to believe that you have committed or are committing a weapons offence.
- Again, anything found upon you can be used as evidence against you, even if it is not what they were searching for.

Sources: Offence/Defence: Law for Activists, by the Law Union of Ontario (96) and Police Powers: Stops and Searches, by Community Legal Education Ontario (97).

* things that are the pinnacle of suck, realizing you have empty space to fill 20 min. before taking yr zine in for copying boys who are too punk as fuck to take off their studded bracelets when getting it on (result: bruises on yr inner thighs for weeks. ow.) the way my dreads constantly get caught on the christmas lights hanging from the ceiling pipes in my apartment wearing converse all winter (i miss the feeling in my toes.)

* things that are the antisuck & ...

- sewing (and cooking, just in case i don't sound girly-girl enough yet)
- when food not bombs serves at demos (woohoo!)
- miso soup for 130 cold activist types.)
- cheap beer + fun people + good music
- bad badte maru (evil samurio penguins = good)
- many more things i don't have space to list

As my binges got more routine, though, I couldn't be casual about anymore. Even in the first couple of days I'd feel as tweaked out as I had when I used to use every day. I'd get sick and shaky before I got my fix, and I couldn't keep denying that I was still addicted and it was still a problem, even if it was a little less regular than it had been. When I'd been clean for a whole month one time a friend offered me some morphine. I wanted it more than anything, but I knew I shouldn't and it was the worst possible time to do it for about a million reasons. Still, I actually started crying because I wanted it so badly. It was pretty damn pathetic. My best friend was there, and as she sat there with me as I sobbed into her shoulder and told her how fucking badly I needed it, she told me that she didn't like what drugs did to me. And I guess that's what it comes down to: I hate the way they make me feel, I hate the way they make my life, I hate what they do to my friends, and I just can't be around them or use them anymore.

I think part of the reason drugs appealed to me so much in the first place was what a perfect escape they made. It's warped and twisted, but it works. When your life is stressful or hectic or just plain shitty, you can send junk coursing through your veins and forget all about it. It's not just the temporary relief of the high, it's something more consuming as well. When drugs are the center of your life, you care about nothing but getting your fix, and in a weird way it's comforting not to worry about anything else. Your life is the same every day: wake up, make money for drugs, wait for drugs, get drugs, get high, be high, go to sleep (omit this step for cokeheads ...). You start not caring about anything else, and eventually this means that there is no longer anything else left for you to care about.

When I first started getting high, it was with my boyfriend at the time. There was a kind of fucked up romanticism about it, insane as that is. We'd tie each other off, kiss when our rushes were over, and lie in bed all night saying wonderful things to each other. Never mind that it's not cute or sweet to help someone you love get strung out, or that I was so high most of the time I have trouble remembering almost all the wonderful things we were saying. By the time our relationship started disintegrating, drugs were the strongest bond we had left. We were too content and placid to fight when we were high. I never thought to remind him of what a fucking liar he was, he never thought to accuse me of being a stupid whore.

progress isn't always a straight line.

It's funny ... when you gain new political knowledge and views it always seems like you should feel empowered, but for so many people I know (myself included) it seems to work the opposite way from time to time.

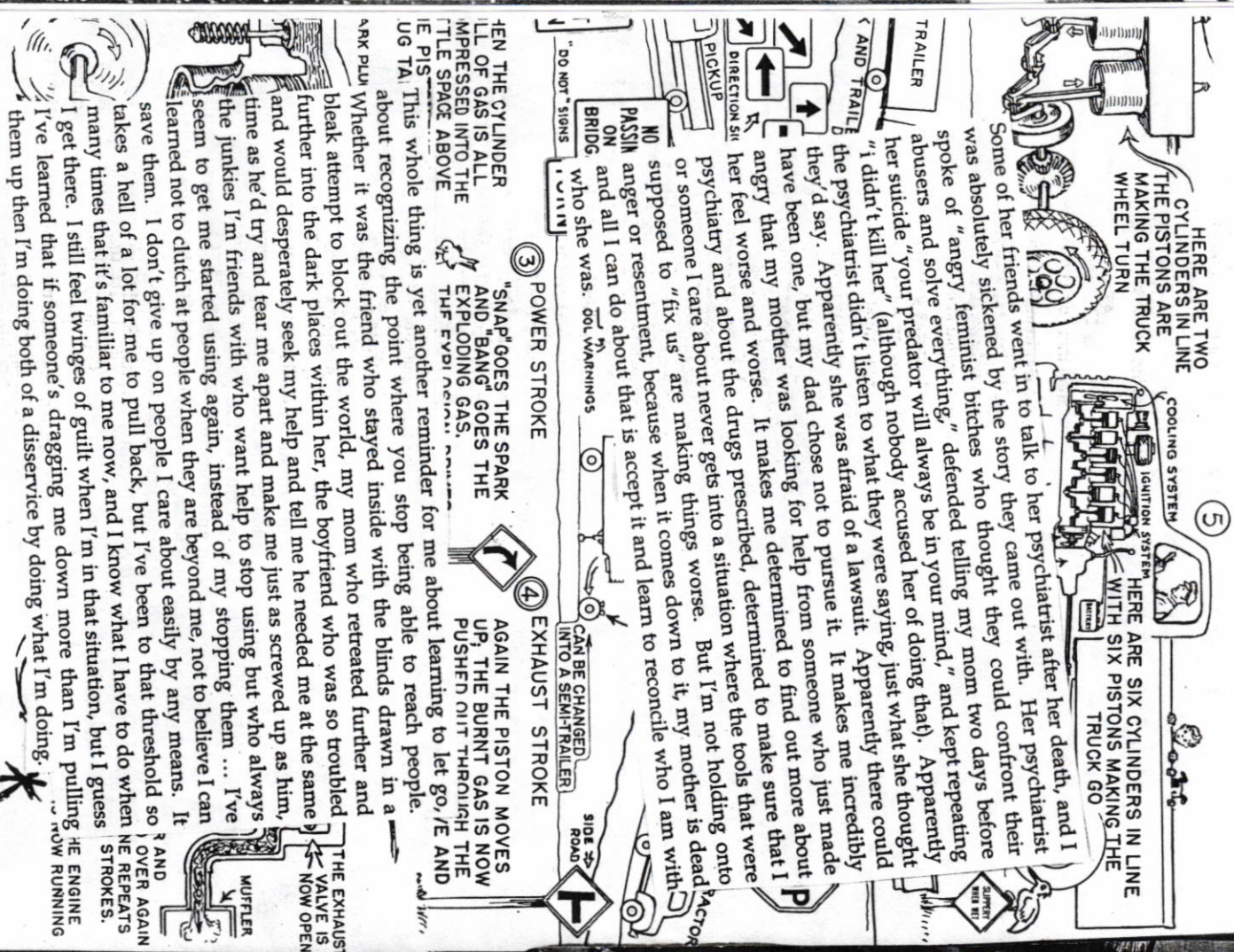
An example that comes up for lots of girls I know is when you occasionally find yourself feeling unhappy about your body. You feel bad about the way you look, then you feel worse because you know you really shouldn't care about that. You end up beating yourself up over it, and feeling like there's something wrong with you because your self-critical thoughts haven't caught up with your good intentions. You feel like you should know better than to think that way. After all, you know that we don't all have to be anorexic and caked with makeup like we came straight out of some cheesy magazine ... so you wonder what's wrong with you that you keep thinking that way.

It's awesome that people are into changing the world, and it's awesome that people recognize that there is certainly an internal component to all outside actions, but we have to get out of this mode of thinking that just recognizing a problem is stopping it.

[But don't even let me get into how we either seem to perceive things as external ("Racism is bad, and because I know this, I am automatically not one bit racist" ... when we generally still have internalized issues to confront) or internal ("I have to focus on solving my own issues, and revolution will come from that" ... when navel gazing is lame and unproductive) but never both]

Yeah, the first step to solving a problem is recognizing it, but we can never forget that we have been raised in this fucked-up world, and just because we saw the light about it at some point doesn't mean that we are automatically freed from all the ideas that have been put into our heads all our lives. Some notions are so ingrained that it takes us years to even realize that we think that way, let alone that it's wrong, and yet we seem to expect that we'll be able to get rid of them as soon as we want to.

We're allowed to make mistakes. We should expect to make mistakes, for fuck's sake ... we're only human and we inevitably screw up. Revolution or change or whatever you want to call it doesn't happen completely overnight, obviously, but it also doesn't necessarily go in a straight line (which can be hard to accept). We make huge leaps forward and backtrack horribly and that's how it goes, and that's how it has to go, because revolution comes from people, and we are smart and fucked up and amazing and selfish and a whole host of other things, so what we create is the same. And to think that our slip-ups along the way are "wrong thoughts" or "bad thoughts" is to betray all that we're meant to be working for. Revolution is people, with all their positives as well as all their negatives, and we can't make progress without accepting that, even as we try and swing the balance ever more towards the positive.



HERE ARE TWO CYLINDERS IN LINE MAKING THE TRUCK WHEEL TURN

HERE ARE SIX CYLINDERS IN LINE WITH SIX PISTONS MAKING THE TRUCK GO

POWER STROKE

EXHAUST STROKE

"SNAP" GOES THE SPARK AND "BANG" GOES THE EXPLODING GAS. THE EXHAUST VALVE IS NOW OPEN

AGAIN THE PISTON MOVES UP, THE BURNT GAS IS NOW PUSHED OUT THROUGH THE MUFFLER

THE EXHAUST VALVE IS NOW OPEN

THE CYLINDER IS ALL COMPRESSED INTO THE TIGHT SPACE ABOVE THE PISTON

This whole thing is yet another reminder for me about learning to let go, /E AND about recognizing the point where you stop being able to reach people.

Whether it was the friend who stayed inside with the blinds drawn in a bleak attempt to block out the world, my mom who retreated further and further into the dark places within her, the boyfriend who was so troubled and would desperately seek my help and tell me he needed me at the same time as he'd try and tear me apart and make me just as screwed up as him,

the junkies I'm friends with who want help to stop using but who always seem to get me started using again, instead of my stopping them ... I've learned not to clutch at people when they are beyond me, not to believe I can save them. I don't give up on people I care about easily by any means. It takes a hell of a lot for me to pull back, but I've been to that threshold so many times that it's familiar to me now, and I know what I have to do when I get there. I still feel twinges of guilt when I'm in that situation, but I guess I've learned that if someone's dragging me down more than I'm pulling them up then I'm doing both of a disservice by doing what I'm doing.

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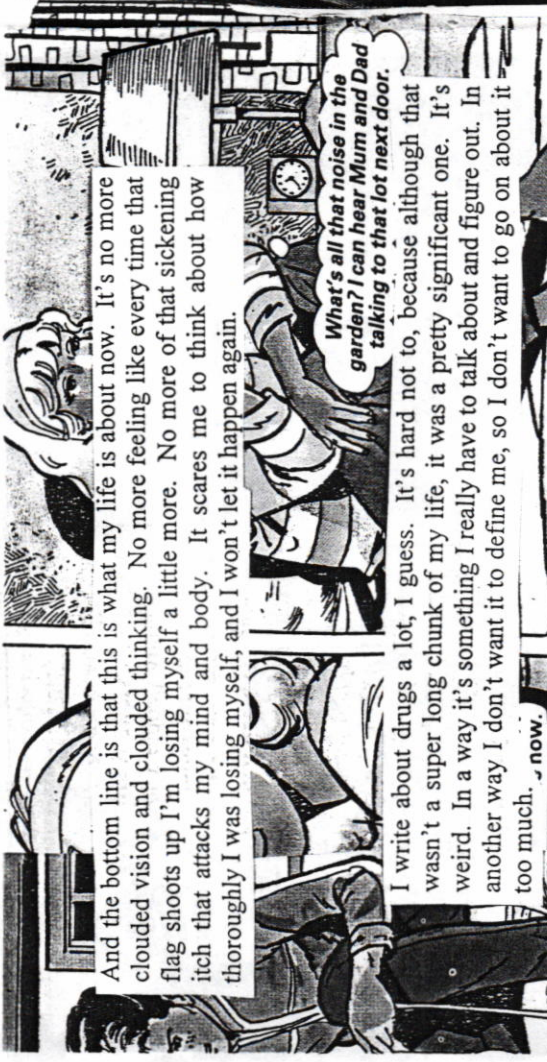
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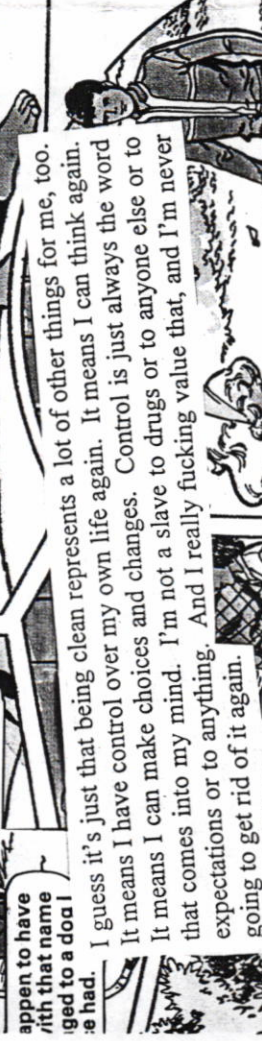


And the bottom line is that this is what my life is about now. It's no more clouded vision and clouded thinking. No more feeling like every time that flag shoots up I'm losing myself a little more. No more of that sickening itch that attacks my mind and body. It scares me to think about how thoroughly I was losing myself, and I won't let it happen again.



What's all that noise in the garden? I can hear Mum and Dad talking to that lot next door.

I write about drugs a lot, I guess. It's hard not to, because although that wasn't a super long chunk of my life, it was a pretty significant one. It's weird. In a way it's something I really have to talk about and figure out. In another way I don't want to define me, so I don't want to go on about it too much.



appen to have with that name igned to a dog I e had.

I guess it's just that being clean represents a lot of other things for me, too. It means I have control over my own life again. It means I can think again. It means I can make choices and changes. Control is just always the word that comes into my mind. I'm not a slave to drugs or to anyone else or to expectations or to anything. And I really fucking value that, and I'm never going to get rid of it again.

I'm scared to talk about drugs too much or think about drugs too much, because what I really wish is that they were out of my life and out of my mind. I'm scared to just ignore all those feelings because just pushing them down won't help me get over it. It's just that I'm sick of it. Sick of telling people and seeing them have one of the few standard reactions. Sick of not telling them and feeling dishonest. Sick of people thinking I'm going to lapse back into that shit. Because I know I'm done, and this is all just watching it wind down. ☆



e comes 't might i idea.

for me, non-monogamy is:

- * not deciding that one relationship is automatically more important than another just because it is a typical "boyfriend-girlfriend" situation
- * expressing that there are many different kinds of love and friendship and that they're all important and valuable
- * having enough self-confidence that I don't perceive a friend/boyfriend/girlfriend/whoever being with someone else as a rejection of me
- * not having to pretend that one single person can fulfill every role in every aspect of my life
- * always being honest with people I'm involved with about my feelings for them and others
- * the most comfortable and natural way to structure relationships

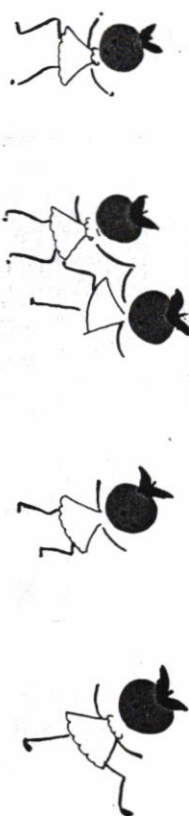
but it's not:

- * just an excuse to have empty sex with anybody and everybody (actually, it "allows" being physical to be meaningful whether or not you're dating the person)
- * something we wacky bisexual folks do because we can't pick a gender
- * a way to avoid commitment (in a way, you end up committed to more people than you otherwise would be)
- * a perfect solution - I still sometimes have to deal with my own jealousy and insecurity and the problems involved in making sure the relationship is comfortable for both people

Anarcho-fiction

Homage to Catalonia by George Orwell. I've always preferred Orwell's less fictional works to his more fictional ones, and *Homage to Catalonia* is right up there as my favourite book of his. Basically just the story of his experience fighting in the Spanish civil war in the '30s. Although the anarchist militias aren't super well equipped or trained, it's still rad to see examples of non-authoritarianism in action. There are also cool descriptions of an anarchist town, where waiters look you in the eye and treat you as equals and everything has been collectivized. Inspiring to see that these ideas can and have been lived out, and a good reminder of what mistakes we need to avoid for the future.

The Dispossessed by Ursula LeGuin. This has been one of my favourite novels to read and re-read. Ursula LeGuin is an amazing writer, and I have a special affinity to the topic she tackles here. *The Dispossessed* is the story of a man raised in an anarchist society and his experiences there and while visiting a more conventional society. What makes it great is that neither society is glorified or demonized. She writes about the pitfalls of both possibilities. It's cool to read science fiction that's genuinely relevant and to ponder some of the possible problems that could come up in an anarchist society.



Bacon fat makes corn bread taste awfully good. It's a thrifty little trick.

This centrefold (→) is just a few copies of a flyer I made a while ago to stick in fashion magazines. Just take it out, copy it, and have fun sneaking it in to magazines.



"8-INCH UNIT
MEDIUM HIGH"



2-QUART
COVERED OVENWARE
CASSEROLE



I haven't panned for a long time now, but when I was strung out and homeless and I just plain needed to, I did a lot. Some people get really cynical after spending time panning, but I always find that it reminds me of how fucking rad some people are.

randumb tales of spangling

Kick-ass Kickdowns. People can be amazingly generous sometimes. I've gotten fancy coffees and muffins, full meals, tons of free smokes, twenty dollar kickdowns, a hoodie, chocolate covered coffee beans, and lots more awesome stuff. I think it's really cool when people give you food or clothes instead of money. Lots of people won't give to kids panning because they don't want the money going to drugs, alcohol, or smokes, and giving other stuff is a good way to help people out in a way that you really believe in. When I was at a point where drugs came before eating it was really nice when people bought me food - it guaranteed that I'd have a decent meal that day.

The Guy Who Grabbed Mandy's Dog and Wrestled It To the Ground While Trying Frantically To Kiss It. Uh, I think that pretty much says it all.

My Christian Buddy. This guy started stopping by my spangling spot on a daily basis. Apparently his wife had stopped to talk to me one day and told him about me. He learned my name and lots about me the first day, and after that would always stop by and cheerfully say "Hey Clare, how's it going?" He'd apologize if he didn't have time to stop and talk, but usually we'd go have coffee. He'd tell me about the Christian rock concerts he was organizing (and I'd talk about punk rock and why I liked it), show me the newsletter he edited (and I'd tell him about my zine), and we'd talk about our plans for our lives. He never once preached and he always listened well and was super friendly. It was incredibly cool, because all too often asking people for spare change is interpreted as "Preach to me!" It was like having an insanely wholesome thirty year old Christian friend, and it was actually kind of fun.

Fashion mags can be fun to read, but have you ever thought about what they're doing to you and your friends?

"The current ideal of female beauty is difficult to achieve. The ideal being a young Caucasian female, height 5'8"-5'10", weighing 110-120 pounds or less. Make-up, lighting and airbrushing are used to slim down the images even more. Less than 10% of the female population are genetically destined to fit this ideal (Steiner-Adair & Purcell, 1996)."

So why do almost all girls torture themselves to live up to these images?

"The incidents of anorexia nervosa were studied during a 50-year period and it was found that the incidence of anorexia nervosa among 10-19 year-old girls paralleled the change of fashion and its idealized body image. The thin ideal preceded the times when the rates of anorexia nervosa were highest."

Stop starvation imagery!

"A study found that 68% of a sample of Stanford undergraduate and graduate students felt worse about their own looks after reading women's magazines."

Ignore

their fascist

beauty standards!

look at: <http://www.about-face.org>

read: no fat chicks by terry poulton

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STOP HATING YOUR BODY!**

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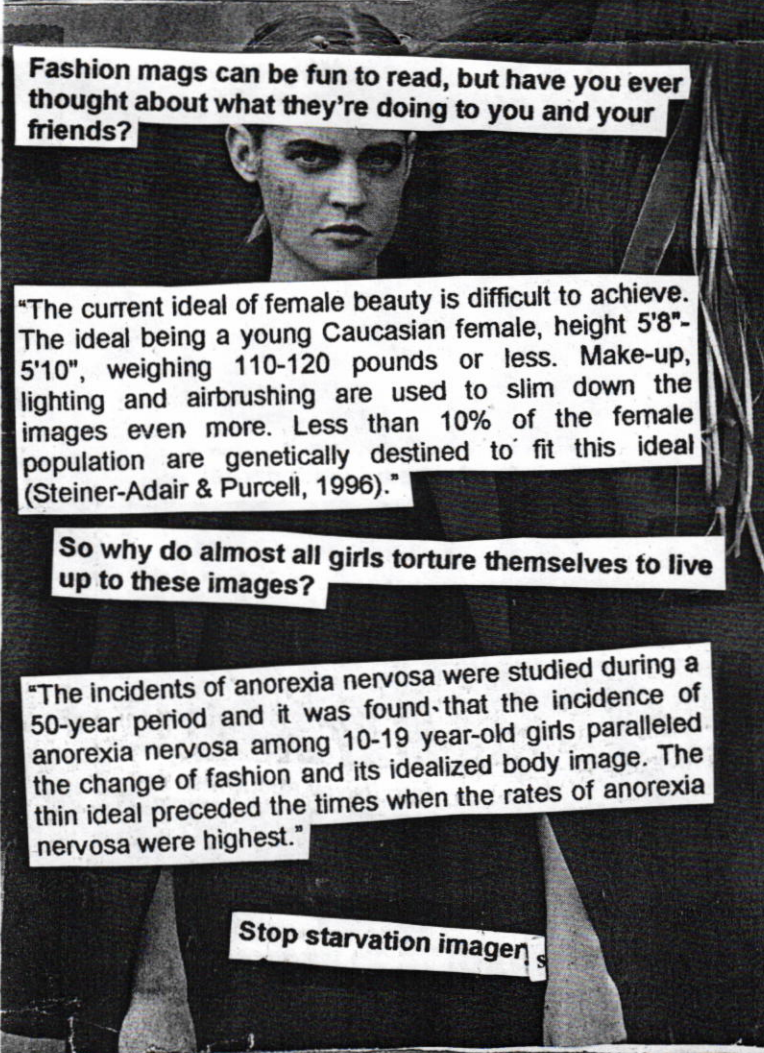
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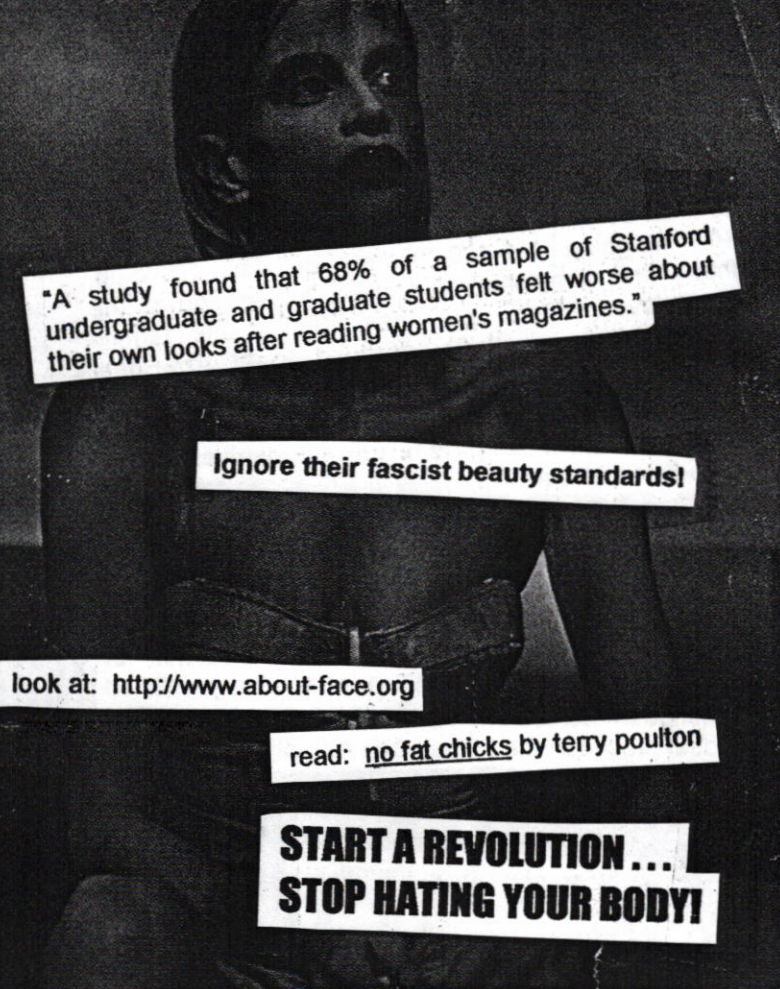
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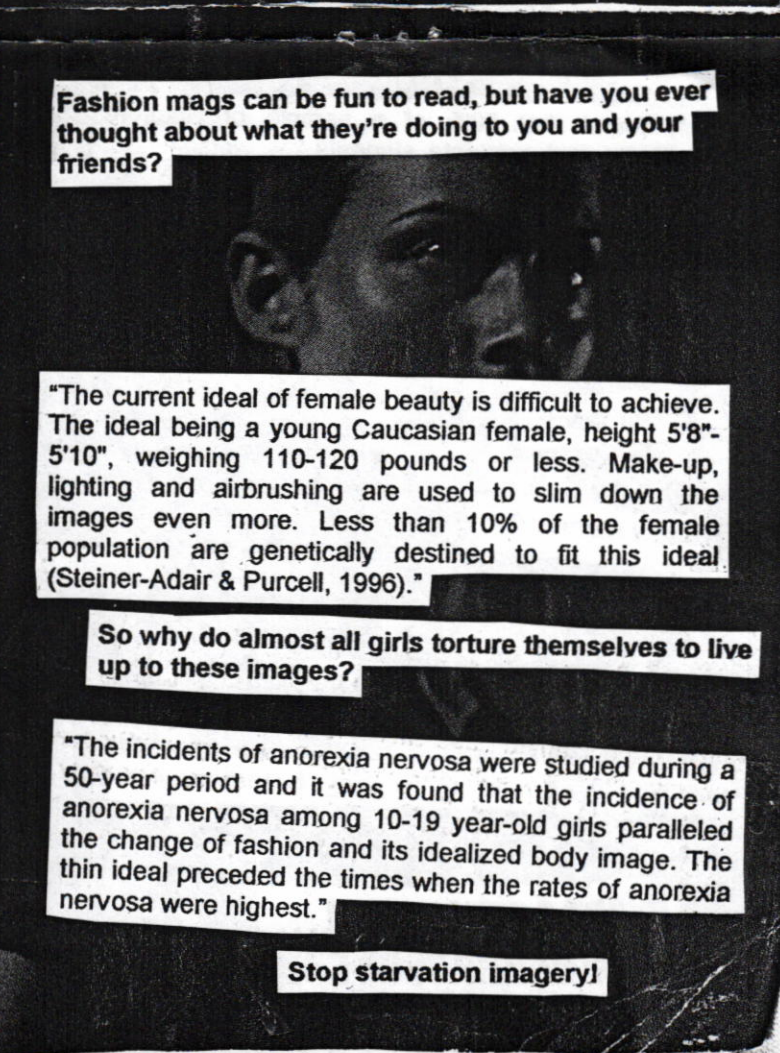
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